

## IMPORTANT SALE AT THE ECONOMY SHOE HOUSE.

following extremely low prices for our thoroughly reliable SHOES AND SLIPPERS, Men's, Ladies', Misses', Boys', Youths', and Children's.  
DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE, as the prices quoted will surely run us out of sizes. So delay is dangerous. Prices as follows:

Infants' Shoes	23c	Ladies' Common Sense	23c
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Men's Solid Leather Shoes.....	98c	Ladies' Strap Slipper, All Leather.....	75c
Ladies' Spring Heel Button.....	98c		

**The Famous \$1.25 Boy's School Shoes,**  
And we are Agents for the Celebrated Stacy, Adams & Co. Men's Shoes.

**Morgan, Violett & Co., 706 Seventh St. N. W.**

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"She had been circulating in good society; she had been a belle; she had been a favorite; she had borne: You desired to push her out into the world?"

"She wanted to do everything I could for her, so that she was educated. I desired to separate from her."

"You put her out of your life and she wanted to remain in your life?"

"She said so."

"You pushed her for a money matter, is that matter?"

"She did not. She wanted to continue our relations; she could not give up the fact that I had while my relations were continuing, that she wanted to continue these relations. She had money negotiations, but I understood that on two or three occasions she had accepted my money, and she had been in Cambridge and when she went to Broad Leaf Inn."

The colored man in a linen in Lexington by the name of Alcey Lavigne, who was connected with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and who was formerly a slave, was then asked by the attorney, "Did you know the gentleman's deposition had not been read, except that his statements had been proved by other witnesses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know that the gentleman was with him again, and had promised to send them to the one who now sat at the head of his table, who most resembled her, his eldest daughter, who would put the flowers on his head, and call him 'daddy'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Butterworth, when the incident had been narrated in the Kentuckian's most sly tones, That ended the long appearance of Col. W. C. R. But, it was not the end."

The attorneys had no more witnesses on hand, the cross-examination having ended, as Mr. Shelby said, somewhat unexpectedly, so they asked an adjournment an hour earlier than the time set for the trial, and the case was to the time with some of his witnesses for rebuttal, but the defense declined the offer, and the judge said that he would concede the request, and that the case would be closed, although it had already consumed more time than it should have done.

"If the parties to this case would like to go out first they may do so, and I will keep the case open until the next morning, as the people began to stir from their seats."

Accordingly, Miss Pollard, with her attorney,

mit suicide was first communicated to him the last of February, 1893, after the stories of Mrs. Fillette had come to her. He did not know

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"He had talked of that perhaps a dozen or twenty times," she said. "I never heard of it until she spoke of it on the stand."

"Don't you remember that she spoke to you regarding your relations with colored women?"

"I never heard of that until she spoke of it on the stand."

"Did you go on any occasion to visit the plaintiff at Mary McKendree's on Second street, in this city?"

"I did not. I never did." With great emphasis.

On January, February or March, 1888, it was the place the plaintiff and Dr. Parsons have located as the house where the child was born. I know that I saw her there, and I know that she called upon to swear that I was there. I know that certain persons have been sent there to try to get any one who had been there on your witness. It is false."

"You say certain persons have been there to try to get any one who had been there on your witness?"

"I deny you on that, because I had heard she was to be called to testify, and that she had been seen by another witness in this case."

"Did you know any person who had been there by advertisement in the Evening Star, and did you know any person who had been there by advertisement?"

The spectators have been on trial for the last half hour, and have been found guilty of indecent conduct. These men who come here day after day remind me of unburied dead men waiting for a stick horse to be waiting for a piece of carrion."

"Then, turning to the erior, he commanded, "Adjust the court," and strode out, pushing his way through the crowd, and down the street in a crowd of several hundred men and women waiting to catch sight of Madeline Pollard and Congressman Breckinridge.

**A Suppressed Treasury Report.**  
(From the New York Press.)

The very desire is to pay over that innocent paragraph of mine in this column on the suppressed report of the condition of the sales in the Treasury vaults. Round up with the letter press of the reports were photographs of the different sales as they looked after the close of the day. The Treasury Department had got through oper-

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She saying that she did not care if there were a scene there. He told her that after she had been married to him for a long time, no man could be expected to marry a woman with whom he had had intercourse unless he had been married to her first.

"You know I have not seduced you," I said, "and Col. Breckinridge continued: "She has seduced me, and she has seduced me in very bad relations." I said: I can't afford to put Jim Rhodes' mistress and my mistress at the same table."

**Skulls, Crossbones, and Coffins.**

This narrative was objected to by Mr. Wilson and said that Bradley was not the reason for repeating it. The defense continued:

You can have your divorce when you want it. Again I say—I'm obliged and grateful for your course."

But, just softly after him. She was alone—alone and free. He had acted very well—very well. It was his doing—the separation. She ought to feel grateful to him—and also, perhaps, regretful. But she could not somehow feel regret. There was a terrible, terrible hollow, stood dumb before him.

The door shut softly after him. She was alone—alone and free. He had acted very

She also, perhaps, regretful. But she could not somehow feel regret. There was a terrible, terrible thing that she had done, and she was sure that she would never do it again. It might take months for the rest. Collins would get over the "upset" and go back to work. She would have to tell Roberto now. To go now would be to Roberto. To write him a letter to send a letter to her mother. She would have to wait for aught of this. She would go herself. She would take a drive to his house. She would hear him. "Mrs. James Montgomery Collins."

Her head buzzed as she sat, waiting out in the cold carriage. Would he come out or would he send a note? It buzzed so loudly that she could hardly catch the words of the postman.

"Go away—go!" Gone from the hotel. Would the man find out where he had gone? Another age until he had come out again.

Mr. Davy had been waiting for her for some time. At least, the clerk on duty at that hour could not tell. The other clerk had gone off an hour earlier. He would be there.

She had no resource but to wait. "Left the city!"

She drove back to the apartment that had been her home and ordered the cab to come for her at 2 o'clock.

At 3.30 she was at the hotel and had found for her the Mr. Medina had left for Europe the very afternoon. The steamer had been ready. He had purchased passage from a friend who had changed his mind about going. The man was his address? Oh, yes, he could give her that.

Her heart was throbbing desperately as she drove off to find this friend. He was a wealthy man, she knew.

Certainly he would give her Roberto's address in London or Paris, the Hotel Blanc or the Exchange. It was too bad she did not see him.

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"I should go," she said slowly. "There was some one here. It was some one I can't forget for very much. We did no wrong and thought no wrong. It was to say good-by. I am sorry we said it. Why don't you strike me?"

"Collins' eyes were upon her. He sat, not moving a muscle, hardly seeming to breathe. It was a long, long time before he spoke.

"It was I," he said, his eyes lowering.

"It no life. I tell you the truth. I would be glad if you struck me. We could separate then."

"You would not want to have any further provision—separation. You forget you need witnesses."

"The red deepened under her eyes.

"Providence," she said, "says that it is."

"I never have struck you, have I?" he asked very slowly.

"No."

"I have treated you pretty fairly in some ways. You haven't wanted for that was in my power to give."

"No."

"I have respected you as far as keeping away from other women?"

"Yes."

"I haven't brought any other woman to the house."

"Until the first one to please you came along," said Coates. "I never seemed a sudden flash of white against his face. I was just a sudden grand passion for some adventurer that you never saw before. Was it a street fight?"

"You worry me," she answered, with strangled calmness. "It was the only man I ever loved; my first love, whom I—I was parted from the day after that." And the truth—the whole truth—

"And nothing but the truth," he ended for her, ironically. Then he took his eyes from her face.

It seemed a very long time to her—she had moved back into the shadow of the second parlor, and sat down to wait. A very long time. Then he came back, and, without touching his chair, got up and put on his hat and coat again.

"You are going out, then?" she asked.

"You want your coffee first?"

"Oh, no, not here. It is a good thing you have told me the truth. The truth is always best, even when it is not pleasant."

And she was grateful that you didn't act like some women—duple me in order to spare my feelings and go on receiving your lover here. I am glad you told me the truth. I am glad for the time being. I'll be more myself to-morrow. I advise you to stay here and—just allow me to desert you. After a bit I

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